

Mistress instructs Sissy prefect to cane student.

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“My study. Now.”

I scurried, my pink patent heels click clacked against the oak floorboards of the school corridor as I approached Mistress

study .

Mistress's study was a coven of shadow and leather, dominated by a large oak desk and Mistress. She stood before it, silhouetted in a severe black dress that hugged her formidable curves.

“You have a task,” she said, “one of the sluts in the pink dormitory. She has been unruly. Their discipline is yours.”

A shiver ran down my spine. “Mine, Mistress?”

“You are the prefect,” Mistress stated .

“Authority must be exercised. The cane.” She gestured to the cabinet. “Six strokes. You will administer them in the punishment chamber.”

“And do not be gentle. Her defiance must be broken. And your own desire to please me must be fulfilled.”

The punishment chamber was a stark room with a single padded bench in the centre .

She was already there, waiting, dressed in the school's standard uniform.

Pink stockings, pink high heels. Panties. Bra. Blonde wig. Her face was pale with eyes wide with a flicker of something Anticipation?

“Assume the position,” said, Mistress

She bent over the bench, clutching the edges, The rattan felt alien in my grip. I raised it.

The first stroke. A swift, crackling thwack landed across her pale bum cheek. She gasped, a sharp, bitten-off sound. A bright pink welt immediately bloomed, a semi permanent reminder of the canes vicious kiss.

“Count,” I ordered. Beginning to feel more confident in my new role;

“One,” she choked out.

The second stroke came harder, my arm finding a rhythm. Thwack! Her body jerked, a small, desperate moan escaping.

“Two”

My own breath was coming fast now. The power was intoxicating. To see her quiver, it fed something within me. The third stroke I delivered with a twist of my wrist, making the cane bite and curl. Thwack!

“Three!” She cried..

I could see Mistress watching approvingly from her desk and I paused. The pink lines were vivid now, a beautiful, brutal pattern.

“Your panties,” I said, hoping to earn Mistress’s continued approval for my work. “Remove them.” Now.

With shaking hands, she pushed the satin panties down, her bare skin was exposed, pale and already marked. The three stripes glowed a fierce, hot pink. The sight was arousing. As was her submission and her vulnerability

I stepped closer. The fourth stroke landed on the higher untouched, soft flesh just above her hip. Thwack! A perfect, fresh line. She cried out. “Four!”

My hand was eager now. The fifth stroke I aimed lower, where the curve of his cheek met the shadow of her inner thigh. Thwack!

The cane kissed that secret, tender junction. She shuddered violently, her whole body straining against the bench. “Five!” she said

I was panting. The excitement rising, it was intoxicating and filled my head. Mistress Psyche’s command echoed: Your own desire to please me; it must be fulfilled. This was pleasing her. This was pleasing me. The last stroke. I wanted it to be memorable.

I let the cane hover, tracing the air over the trembling skin. Then, with a sharp, focused snap of my entire body, I brought it down diagonally, crossing all the previous lines. THWACK!

She screamed, a raw, broken sound “Six! Six!”

Silence fell. I stared at the masterpiece I’d created on her skin: a lattice of pain, a map of my authority. I dropped the cane and with a clatter it landed on the floor.



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Category

1. Uncategorized

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